

## A SUGGESTIVE ACCOUNT OF A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

CHRISTMAS EVE fell clear, cold and star-lit. The very air seemed full of joyous mysteries about to be revealed, and we could almost hear the far away sound of tiny sleighbells, and see, once again, in imagination the Santa Claus of our childhood dashing over the housetops.

The late eve found us all assembled in our Nurses' Cottage prepared to appropriately observe the advent of the coming day.

First we united in singing the old and ever lovely hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing!" but were ruthlessly interrupted at the end of the first verse by the ubiquitous telephone which was unfortunately side by side with the piano. Thus it ever is with the trained nurse, or perhaps more correctly speaking, the nurse in training, her pleasures must ever be subservient to duty.

After the hymn was ended, a member of the class of 1907 sang very delightfully "A Dream," by Bartlett.

This was followed by "The Reveries of a Bachelor," in which the Bachelor, tired after a long hunt, comes in to rest and falls asleep with a picture of his sweetheart in his hand. He dreams of all his past loves and as he dreamed of them they appeared in a holly-wreathed opening before him: the debutante sweet and dainty, the college girl in gown and mortar board, the breezy Western girl, the gentle red cross nurse, the dangerous and fascinating widow, the demure Quaker maid, the girl with whom he whiled away the summer months and she with whom he braved the winter snows. Then, to the music of Fan Tan came the Japanese girl with roses in her cheeks and hair, next the Dutch girl, dimpled and smiling with little white apron and cap.

The flirtatious Spanish lady; the bejewelled and stately English Duchess; "Sweet Sixteen" innocent and lovable, and then when all the other "Lights O'Love" had faded from sight, came the one true love, the bride to be, and the Bachelor awoke to greet her.

After the Bachelor's reveries were over, a chapter from "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was read by a member of the class of 1909, that chapter in which Mrs. Ruggles' elaborate preparation for the entrance of her children into high society is so amusingly described.

The program then ended with the singing of a second carol, after which we gathered about a Christmas tree which bore upon its drooping branches a gift for each one present,—from the one intended to convey to our Superintendent some measure of our affection, to the Doctor's book which went to the baby of the school.

Then came more music, (not on the program but none the less enjoyable) ice cream, coffee, and bon-bons, every person having to wash her own cup—'tis ever thus. After which we bade one another joyous good night and repaired each to her pleasant dreams. So ended our Christmas Eve, the one night in all the year when the lights burn brightly after half past ten o'clock and joy is unconfined.

STATEN ISLAND.

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DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that Miss Warner has struck the keynote of the condition in the South and Southwest. The graduate nurses of Texas have made the chartering of small schools an absolute necessity for membership in the State Association, and it is a pleasure to see the schools that are making an honest endeavor to come up to the standards. I heartily endorse Miss Warner. May she prosper and keep the ball rolling.

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Fort Worth, Texas.



“Oh sweet bells ring!  
Oh glad hearts sing!  
This is the birthday of a King!”

COONLY.